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THE

Commonweal

Why Not Disarmament?

Questions To Be Faced

by Richard J. Barnet

Pickets in the Valley

California's Farm Workers

by Lawrence T. King

A SEARCH FOR IDENTITY . . . . . *by Alice Ellen Mayhew*
POOR DAD . . . . . *by Gerald Weales*
A WOMAN OF DUBLIN . . . . . *by Edwin Kennebeck*
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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 59

Why Not Disarmament?
by Richard J. Barnet 62

Pickets in the Valley
by Lawrence T. King 64

Of Note: The Church-State Issue
by Gustave Weigel 68

"Stevenson and the Beats"
An Exchange of Views 70

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 72

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 73

Books 74

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Editor
Edward S. Skillin

Managing Editor
James O'Gara

Associate Editors
James Finn
Richard Horchler

Drama Critic: Richard Hayes; *Movie Critic:* Philip T. Hartung; *Paris:* Robert Barrat; *Rome:* Gunnar D. Kumlien; *Great Britain:* Michael P. Fogarty

John Brubaker: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MR. KHRUSHCHEV AT THE U.N.

AS THIS editorial is being written, Nikita Khrushchev is addressing the General Assembly of the United Nations for the third time. Whatever he says today, enough has happened since this extraordinary session of the U.N. began to permit some judgments on the state of the world—even if any judgment involving Nikita Khrushchev must always be somewhat tentative in nature.

First, as to the man himself, the leaders of the world's nations have had an unparalleled opportunity to see the Soviet Premier in action. As almost everyone must realize by now, Nikita Khrushchev is no mean adversary. He has an immense vitality and a kind of earthy force that cuts right through the usual formalities of protocol and international diplomacy—qualities that no one can ignore and that may particularly impress the newer nations which are less wed to the traditional ways of conducting international affairs.

That is one side of the incredible Mr. Khrushchev. But the delegates saw another as well. They saw the Soviet Premier deliver a scathing attack on U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold—whom most of the leaders of the Asian and African nations regard as a friend. They heard Mr. Khrushchev propose a reorganization of the U.N. secretariat which almost everyone agrees would render the international body impotent. They saw him purple with rage and pound on his desk throughout Mr. Hammarskjold's defense of his office.

During Mr. Macmillan's calm exposition of the Western position the delegates were shocked to see the Russian Premier leap to his feet in a rage, shouting interruptions and once again pounding on his desk in anger. They heard him gaveled to silence by the chairman for his references to Franco as the "hangman," they heard him denounce the U.N. Secretary General as a "creature of the imperialists," they heard him accuse the U.S. of trying to perpetuate the cold war and of hovering on the "brink" of a hydrogen war. Finally, they heard him threaten to destroy the United Nations and set up a new world organization of his own, unless the U.N. "cast out this rotten corpse" of Nationalist China and turn over its seat to Communist China.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S performances on these occasions lack the note of madness that marked those of Adolf Hitler. Otherwise there was much similarity between them. It has been suggested that the Soviet Premier's frequent outbursts and fits of rage at this U.N. session were carefully calculated, aimed at influencing by threat those nations he has been unable to win by blandishment. This may be so; nonetheless, although he did succeed in dominating the General Assembly, we doubt that such tactics advance his cause. For when the last echoes of his tirades and table-poundings have died away, even the wishful thinkers must be a little closer to the truth: to be squeezed in Mr. Khrushchev's friendly embrace would be little better than to be crushed in anger.

For the United States there is that much comfort in Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United Nations. There is little more.

One way or another, the U.N. session dramatized Western weak spots all over the world and the Soviet ability to probe them at will—the lack of enthusiasm for the Western position among the newly free nations; the weakness of our position in Berlin; the fact of Cuba and the possibility of a spread of Castro-ism in Latin America; the problem of Formosa and the continuing vulnerability of the off-shore islands; the grave internal weakness in places like Laos, South Viet Nam and Okinawa.

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All of these are important, but dominating everything are two other related facts: the growing power of China, recognized or not, and the breakdown in disarmament negotiations. Those commentators may be right who think that Mr. Khrushchev's hard line at the U.N. was dictated by the Chinese Communists. But if the table-pounding Mr. Khrushchev is nervous about the not-so-distant time when Communist China will become an H-bomb nation, how comfortable should the United States be?

When this session of the U.N. began, there was general agreement that it would distract national attention from the Presidential campaign. This prediction has now come true, but the extravaganza in New York has nonetheless been useful, for if it has done nothing else, it has given a particular immediacy to the debate between Vice President Nixon and Senator Kennedy. With foreign policy the central issue in the campaign, the U.N. session in general and Nikita Khrushchev's performance in particular have dramatized the dimensions of the Communist challenge and the urgency of facing our problems squarely. It may yet turn out that Mr. Khrushchev has, much against his will, done us a real service.

CRISIS IN FRANCE

THE FRENCH-ALGERIAN war has again violently disrupted the cultural and political life of France. This latest crisis broke when one hundred eighty intellectuals signed a manifesto in support of men charged with military insubordination and desertion. The Cabinet of France retaliated by specifying that all who had advocated military disobedience would be banned from state-operated radio and television and national theaters.

Premier Michel Debré has attempted to belittle the entire affair. He has said the signers of the manifesto were afflicted with a "desolating deviation of thought," and unrepresentative of true national sentiment. "This attitude permits us to evaluate the level, which is very low, and to gauge the importance, which is very small, of these agitators, both mediocre and shocking, of which we have heard too much recently."

If M. Debré were correct in his judgments, the actions of the French Government would be even more bewildering. For the restrictions it has imposed are too severe for an action at once limited and mediocre. Only a feeble and foolish government would strike so hard at so slight a threat. No, M. Debré is wrong. The support which intellectuals have given to the young men accused of insubordination is no slight thing. Nor are those people correct or fair who have characterized this action as Communist inspired or controlled.

It is true that some signers of the manifesto, Jean-Paul Sartre, for example, do not inspire confidence in their political judgments. But that is a thing apart from Communist inspiration. As Claude Bourdet, the publisher of *France Observateur,* recently pointed out in a letter to the N.Y. *Times,* the French Communist Party is presently opposed to desertion. Further, a fact which has been slighted, many Catholics have supported those under trial and have signed the manifesto.

The Government of France has now seen fit to seize entire issues of *l'Express* and *France Observateur,* and to search the offices of *Esprit, Verité et Liberté* and *Les Temps Modernes.* It has tried to suppress the publication of the names of those who signed the manifesto, even while it interferes with their livelihood. A democratic government driven to implement its policies by secrecy, censorship and suppression has clearly departed from its own best traditions. This is tragically evident in France today. The present debacle, which is not yet played out, can give comfort only to the enemies of France and to those who hold in disdain the highest values of Western civilization of which France for so long was a preeminent exemplar.

PAYROLLS, MET AND OTHERWISE

WHAT IS "fiscal responsibility"? What does it mean to say that non-conservatives "never met a payroll"? Both questions involve favorite G.O.P. slogans, but they are not easily answered. What is fiscal responsibility to one man may well be fiscal irresponsibility to another. Indeed, most of the Republican insistence on "economy"—particularly in such matters as the defense budget, missile research, aid to depressed areas, aid to education, a higher minimum wage, extended Social Security coverage, medical care for the aged—is described by Democrats as being actually wasteful and costly in terms of national strength, human welfare and in the long run money as well.

As for the familiar charge that "liberals" are guilty of having "never met a payroll," we confess that up till now we had thought it an entirely meaningless piece of rhetoric. But apparently we were wrong. A recent report from U.S. Controller General Joseph Campbell suggests that there is some meaning, after all, to this old Republican slogan,

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although it is presumably not the meaning the sloganeers intend.

The report in question, from Mr. Campbell's General Accounting Office, establishes the fact that at least $151,500,000 of the 1960 budget surplus claimed by the Administration is the result of bookkeeping finagling only. In June, it was revealed, the Army Chief of Finance ordered that two classes of Army allotment checks for that month be dated July 1 instead of June 30, the normal date. July 1, of course, is the first day of the new fiscal year, and this device enabled the Army to show an apparent saving of $71,500,000 in 1960 by transferring the last month's allotment payments to the books for 1961. The Air Force effected a similar switch in April, by which $80,000,000 in allotment payments for 1960 was charged against 1961.

The investigation which uncovered these facts, still continuing, by the way, was undertaken at the request of Rep. Peter F. Mack, Jr., of Illinois—a Democrat, as one might have guessed. As one might also have guessed, the Pentagon denies anything irregular about these irregularities, and the Budget Bureau says that it didn't know a thing about them. That higher echelons of the Administration have made no mention of these unfortunate developments is perhaps even less surprising, busy as they are with the campaign and all.

At last report, Republican speakers were still making much of their "fiscal responsibility," but in the last few days they somehow haven't said a word about payrolls.

MOTORISTS' PROTEST

THE PERSONAL liability requirements for car-owners in the various states appear to have put insurance companies in a dictatorial position. Whether auto liability insurance is compulsory, as it is in New York State, or results in lower license fees as in New Jersey, for example, there is pressure toward universal coverage. The wider coverage of today does represent progress. Too often victims of accidents had no way of being compensated.

But with auto liability insurance now compulsory, or quasi-compulsory, in so many states, insurance companies have become increasingly high-handed. In certain cities, such as New York, the rates for most people with younger drivers in the family are all but prohibitive. The principle of higher rates for categories involving greater risk is sound but hardly justifies exorbitant rates.

Among the grievances raised at a recent motorists' hearing on Long Island were practices known to be widespread. A state Joint Legislative Committee was told of instances where companies had arbitrarily "and unreasonably" canceled an individual's policy, thereby forcing him to get coverage on the Assigned-Risk plan at a much higher rate.

Not surprisingly, the companies seek to insure only preferred risks. At the hearing, motorists charged that once a car-owner has been involved in a serious accident resulting in a heavy claim, his insurance company wants to get rid of him—whether or not he was primarily responsible for the accident. There were charges of racial discrimination against policyholders as well as of discrimination against households with new, young or over-65-years-of-age drivers. The motorists even told of instances where the required coverage was made to depend on taking out all one's various types of insurance with the same company.

Insurance regulations that afford a measure of protection against the damage caused by careless driving are welcome, but surely they need not leave the individual motorist so often defenseless against the arbitrary decisions of high-handed auto insurance companies and agencies.

THE GREAT, LIMITED DEBATE

WHEN MR. NIXON first suggested that Mr. Khrushchev's presence in the United States should be enough to halt public debate on our military strength, we thought it, at best, curious. In the light of recent revelations it has seemed "curiouser and curiouser." Senator Lyndon Johnson has disclosed that the State Department, after consultation with then-U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, declared last summer that "neither the Department nor Ambassador Lodge saw any serious risk to United States interests in proceeding on schedule" with the U.N. meetings.

Several thoughts have occurred to us to explain the apparent discrepancy. Possibly, we conjectured, neither the State Department nor Mr. Lodge judged curtailment of debate to be a serious matter. Or, possibly, recognizing the danger after Mr. Nixon had discovered it, they have changed their minds about the wisdom of a U.N. meeting at this time. Or, possibly, Mr. Nixon is not in communication with the State Department and Mr. Lodge and there is still a strong difference of opinion among them. Or, possibly—but why go on? The idea of limiting our national debate was foolish to start with.

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Why Not Disarmament?

Peace through disarmament would demand looking for security through means other than military power

by RICHARD J. BARNET

DISARMAMENT has seemed so fundamentally at odds with the hard facts of a divided world that it is widely regarded as a utopian solution. One wonders, however, whether disarmament is any more utopian a means of preserving peace than the mechanism of deterrence on which we have put such great reliance. The success of each appears to require a basic change in existing patterns of behavior. Peace through disarmament would demand a willingness to look for security through means other than military power; peace through deterrence, a willingness to accept permanently a threatening status quo. Historical support for each alternative is equally pessimistic although perhaps less conclusive in regard to disarmament since so little has been tried. Deterrence by threat of violence has never prevented war. Unilateral disarmament and the few cautious steps towards mutual disarmament that have been taken have never prevented war either.

To be "for" or "against" disarmament for our world, therefore, seems a singularly unrealistic approach. Neither the military planner who sees no end to the arms spiral nor the pacifist who calls upon the world to make itself over by a sheer act of will offers any practical basis for progress towards peace. To tell the world to go on making and testing nuclear weapons is a little like telling a drunk to go on drinking. To say "there has *got* to be progress on disarmament," is like telling the drunk to pull himself together.

It is difficult to envisage much progress on disarmament until we stop treating it as an other-worldly problem and recognize that it is an approach to salvation that is peculiarly appropriate to our own world. This does not mean that it will necessarily work, but it does mean that it it worth the kind of research we are quite willing to devote to marketing techniques, satellite construction, or refinements of the atomic bomb. Valuable research has already been completed on aspects of inspection, but the mechanics of the disarmament treaty represent only one phase of the problem and by no means the most important or difficult one.

THERE IS, for example, a whole series of questions waiting to be faced concerning the achievement of security in a disarmed but still divided world. Where can we put our trust in a world where we have abandoned our trust in arms? If an international authority with police power over the major nations is impractical, what alternative stabilizing mechanisms would be available? How much or, more realistically, how little would Russia have to change her approach to international relations before the United States should take the risks of substantial disarmament? And what would be the effect of disarmament on our national goals? In a disarmed world would we retain the capacity to guarantee the security of our allies against Communist infiltration? Against spontaneous revolution? Would it be important for us to be able to guarantee their security in either case? Would retention of our system of alliances be desirable? Are we irrevocably committed merely to the prevention of Communist expansion by military means or must we for our own security resist all Communist encroachments by whatever means effected?

Would we dare contend with Russia in a world without arms for the friendship and loyalty of the emerging under-developed peoples or would any competition be bound to become so threatening to one side or the other that the use of force would be resumed? In a world disarmed would a revolutionary power be more likely to moderate its ambitions, or would it exploit the physical defenselessness of its neighbors to work their destruction through the treacherous use of force? Would we be willing to see the balance of power shift decisively to the other side as a result of peaceful competition with-

Mr. Barnet is on the staff of the Russian Research Institute at Harvard. This article is an excerpt from *Who Wants Disarmament?* published this month by Beacon Press. Copyright © Richard J. Barnet 1960.

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out lifting a hand in anger to stop this course? Would the Soviet Union? What kind of assurance would we want from Russia that she would not try to destroy us whenever she acquired sufficient relative power to justify the attempt? What kind could she give and what would it be worth? What kind of guarantees could we in turn give the Soviet Union?

Then there are questions concerning the conditions under which disarmament might prove acceptable. It has become quite clear by now that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States is willing to make gratuitous contributions to an "atmosphere of mutual trust." Each concession for the relaxation of tensions, quite properly, has a price tag. Arriving at the right price while the arms race is still on is particularly difficult because the subjects of possible concessions are themselves intimately involved in the military competition.

The reunification of Germany, for example, is as much a military as it is a political problem. In a disarmed but still divided world Germany would continue to be the subject of competition, but its overriding importance would be diminished because it would not represent a miltary threat to either side. Today, however, any solution of the German problem would vitally affect the military balance of power in Europe. In the context of an arms race each side, therefore, has been reluctant to offer real concessions for fear of appearing weak and encouraging the other to make further demands. Concessions have been in such short supply that the prices have remained inflationary.

ONE OF THE most difficult problems of a disarmament agreement is caused by the natural desire of the signatories to hedge against disaster in case the system should fail. Keeping bombs in reserve for such an eventuality is unsatisfactory because their very existence poses a threat. Is there any other way of providing each signatory an escape in the event of the treachery of its rival without thereby wrecking the treaty? Is there a mechanism for restoring the innocent power to a relative position equivalent to, or at least not much worse than, the relative position he was in with respect to his rival before each of them agreed to disarm? Or must we in order to give disarmament any chance of success burn our bridges behind us?

A related problem involves the integration of arms reduction and arms control. The French delegate to the U.N. Disarmament Commission described the goal in this area in these words: "No control without disarmament; no disarmament without control; but progressively all the disarmament that can be controlled." But implementing this program has proved extraordinarily difficult. Balancing an element of disarmament with an appropriate element of control has so far been beyond the capacity of the negotiators because the equation in any particular situation is uncertain. To put the question from the Russian viewpoint, how much of a weakening of American military power should be required to offset the disadvantage incurred in exposing such Soviet military secrets as the location of missile launching sites? Or, to put the same question from the American point of view, how much of a guarantee of Soviet compliance should we require before we reduce our strength?

Technical studies of the mechanics of control indicate that the more comprehensive the system of inspection the greater the guarantee of compliance. Since comprehensive inspection will only be acceptable in the present world if accompanied by comprehensive disarmament, which involves serious risks in the event of non-compliance, we are in a paradoxical situation in which the disarmament treaty offering the greatest security against evasion also presents the greatest risks if in fact it is evaded. Is there a point at which we would assume those risks short of a millenial change in the Communist world? If so, what is the point and how do we arrive at it?

WHAT ABOUT the impact of disarmament on the domestic economy? The Russians are undoubtedly convinced that American business leaders, fulfilling the prophecies of Marx, are conspiring to keep America armed. Lenin believed that the "crisis of capitalism" could be postponed only by massive military expenditures. Communist propaganda repeats this theme today. And it is undeniable that military expenditures play an important role in our economy. Each year some $25 billion is spent for weapons and military facilities. Conceivably, there might be more general interest in disarmament if the demands of defense production resulted in a shortage of the consumer luxuries to which we are all accustomed. But, unlike the economy of the Soviet Union, where production of consumer goods has been sacrificed in favor of military requirements, the American civilian economy may have benefited from the stimulus of military expenditure.

We have boldly answered the Communists that the American economy can take substantial disarmament in its stride and still produce prosperity. But we have yet to start the necessary planning to make good on our claim. Whatever the ultimate effect of disarmament on the American economy, such a step will require a number of important decisions which must be made well in advance of actual reconversion. Indeed, they ought to be made before serious negotiation. Again we must face such questions as these: How much of the capital presently devoted to weapons production and research should go to support disarmament machinery? What program should be adopted to soften the effects of the unemployment that will result during the transition of the economy from military to non-military production? How should America spend its surplus when disarma-

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ment does begin to release resources for other purposes? What kind of additional foreign aid programs would we feel a moral obligation to promote? What domestic projects would deserve our attention?

ANSWERS TO these questions are as vital to an approach to disarmament as they are to life in a disarmed world. Yet we do little to answer them.

The investigations of the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament reveal that as of September 1957, after eleven years of disarmament negotiations, "no agency of the executive branch has made efforts to ascertain the economic consequences of a reduction in armaments." And over a year later, in October 1958, in its Final Report the same Senate subcommittee made this observation: "There are only 6 or 7 persons who work full time on disarmament in the State Department. The subcommittee is struck by the disparity in the effort the world is putting into thought and action for controlling and reducing armaments and the effort going into the development, fabrication and build up of armaments."

And outside of the State Department in the other Executive agencies there is little sustained and intensive attention to disarmament. From time to time, the Administration has called upon distinguished private citizens to review our policy, make recommendations, and even negotiate agreements with the Russians. The contributions of these individuals have been important but it is unquestionably true that no one can acquire the background essential to deal with these stubborn problems in a few months of service. There is no more reason to put the responsibility for formulating disarmament policy and negotiating disarmament agreements in the hands of conscientious, but inexperienced, amateurs than there is to put the Pentagon under the control of *ad hoc* committees or part-time generals.

Moreover, the only agencies in the government that do have a continuing interest in disarmament are those which have a primary responsibility for and hence a commitment to military defense. Since bureaucracies are notoriously inefficient at seeking their own dissolution, it is too much to ask those to whom our defense effort and atomic energy program are entrusted to prepare for disarmament as well. This fact has been recognized by a number of prominent political figures including Senator Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller. Clearly what is needed is a permanent agency with responsibility for conducting research in disarmament and advising the President in the formulation of disarmament policy. But this is not enough.

Not only the government but the American public must prepare itself if there is to be any hope of achieving the breakthrough to peace we are all seeking. While many aspects of disarmament are highly technical and are perhaps completely comprehensible only to experts, the ultimate decisions, whether to take one kind of risk or another, are appropriate to the democratic decision-making process. Indeed, no statesman—of whatever stature—could make the kind of commitment which disarmament requires unless he had the public with him. In the final analysis, the public must sit as a jury to weigh the opinions and recommendations with which it is confronted, as best it can, and then decide. Upon its decision may depend the lives of us all.

CALIFORNIA'S FARM WORKERS

Pickets in the Valley

by LAWRENCE T. KING

CALIFORNIA'S fabulous Great Central Valley stretches five hundred miles from the Klamath Mountains on the north to the Tehachapis on the south. It is some one hundred miles across, enclosed by the lofty Sierra Nevada on the east and the coastal range on the west. The summers are long, hot and dry, and the winters are short, which means the valley has an unusually long growing season. It is one of the world's most productive agricultural regions.

Readers of John Steinbeck will recognize the valley as the locale of many of his novels. It was the promised land that beckoned the Okies of *The Grapes of Wrath* and the backdrop for *Of Mice and Men* and *Cannery Row*. It was the area that gave rise to the term "factories in the field," after Carey McWilliams' definitive study of the rise and spread of the corporation farm. In 1947, it was the scene of a bitter battle between the National Farmers Union—perhaps the smallest and poorest union in the country at the time—and the huge DiGeorgio Fruit Corporation, a battle in which the union was decisively defeated.

Early last year, union organizers were back in the

Mr. King, a frequent contributor to The Commonweal, is a newspaperman in California.

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valley, ready to take up the fight where the National Farmers Union left off. The organizing group, known as the Agricultural Workers' Organizing Committee, set up its headquarters April 6, 1959, in Stockton, the heart of the Great Central Valley. It was sent there by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive committee with an initial budget of $200,000 and instructions to organize California farm labor as the first phase of a nationwide campaign. A.W.O.C.'s activities will be financed by a special project assessment of two cents a month upon all A.F.L.-C.I.O. union members.

Why has organized labor turned to California with such renewed vigor? The state's big growers maintain it is because California has a Democratic governor and legislature for the first time in this century, with a resultant political climate favorable to organized labor. If this is so, the inescapable implication is that previous administrations and legislatures were hostile to unions. Actually, California was selected by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. simply because it is the largest user of seasonal agricultural labor. If the organizational drive succeeds in California, the task of organizing workers in other states, which at first might seem more formidable, will be relatively easy.

Below the surface, another reason suggests itself: the anxiety of labor leaders to free themselves from the guilt complex which has burdened them over the years because of their past failures to push agricultural workers' organization through fear of jeopardizing industrial unionism's foothold in farm areas. It was much safer, for example, to concentrate on factory workers in these areas than it was to enter the agricultural field, especially at a time when "right-to-work" bills were hanging fire in many state legislatures. Farm laborers were left to their own devices, and they became the forgotten workers of America. In the process, they also became a persistent affront to the conscience of the American labor movement.

Today, American labor leaders realize they can no longer ignore the problem of the nation's exploited farm workers without destroying faith and confidence in their own program and philosophy. The situation has been accentuated by our national failure to solve the farm problem—a failure which has forced hundreds of thousands off their own farms into the swelling stream of itinerant workers.

The existence of this vast, depressed, constantly shifting job group poses a special threat to established unions. Many of the itinerants end up in industrial jobs. They have no experience with unions, and in contract disputes they often become strikebreakers. In open shops, they are sometimes hired to undercut existing contracts, force new N.L.R.B. elections and kill weak unions. In union shops, they are a perpetual grievance source to stewards because of their ignorance of contractual work regulations.

THESE FACTORS were weighed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in authorizing A.W.O.C.'s drive in the Central Valley. One labor spokesman expressed it this way: "Farm workers who have been educated in the principles and procedures of union organization are not likely to end up on the other side in industrial disputes. And those who prefer to remain in farm work can free themselves from their present plight by pooling their strength and presenting a united front to California growers, who are the most highly organized employers' group in the nation. It is simply a matter of confronting organization with organization."

The Agricultural Workers' Organizing Committee is under the leadership of Norman Smith, a former schoolteacher in Arkansas and a one-time organizer for the United Auto Workers. When A.W.O.C. was attacked in the press by growers' spokesmen as being interested in organizing the nation's two-and-a-half-million farm workers only because dues from such members would "fatten union coffers to the extent of five million dollars a month," Smith told reporters:

"If you don't think these workers need a union, a look at the Imperial Valley should answer that question once and for all. The going rate for agricultural work in the valley has been seventy cents an hour for ten years. It took a big jump to seventy-five cents last year when the union started operation, and it's up to eighty cents at present. . . .

"And if you don't think organized labor has a moral duty to raise the standard of living of these workers—it is the worst in the country—I would like you to visit the nearest fair grounds and inspect the living quarters for migrant horses, and then proceed to the nearest farm labor camp and take a look at the quarters provided for migrant workers and their families. There is no doubt in my mind that you would pick the horse barns if you had to select a place for your families to live."

When Smith and his staff set up their headquarters, it was generally believed that it would require at least two years of intensive organizing activity before A.W.O.C. would be in a position to call an effective strike. In less than ten months, however, A.W.O.C. has signed up enough workers to advance their timetable a full year.

About half the itinerants who follow the crops are called "rubber tramps" because they drive their own cars or trucks and generally pull trailers. Most are families—husband-wife teams, often with children—who ordinarily pool their labor as a single unit. A.W.O.C. started its drive among this group in the southern part of the state. By the time the "rubber tramps" rolled into the San Joaquin Valley area, A.W.O.C. felt it had sufficient strength to present its bargaining demands to some of the biggest growers. The growers responded by offering the workers ten to twenty

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cents an hour more than the rate requested by the union, but they refused to bargain or sign any contracts covering working conditions. A.W.O.C. then placed pickets around the groves—and the battle was on.

The first move of the growers was to request the California Employment Office to certify Mexican nationals for work. A.W.O.C. countered by challenging the request on the grounds that under California and federal laws, Mexicans cannot be sent to farms where labor disputes exist. The growers' request was rejected by the state agency, and the issue is now before the state courts. In the meantime, however, A.W.O.C. has succeeded in keeping foreign workers out of many of the disputed areas.

It is too early to predict the outcome of A.W.O.C.'s campaign, but the union organizers are frank—and optimistic—about their prospects. "We are here to stay until our job of organizing farm workers is completed," Smith says. "We have plenty of time and money. We are not fooling ourselves in the least about the size and complexity of the job ahead. It's going to be a long, hard job of education for workers and growers alike."

SO FAR, A.W.O.C.'s "educational" campaign has had greatest impact among the farm workers. Even though the union has barely scratched the surface in its drive to organize California's half-million farm workers —unverified reports say ten thousand have been signed up—the mere presence of an active labor organization in the field has induced growers to offer hourly picking rates of ten to twenty-five per cent higher than last year's rates. Efforts also have been accelerated to improve lodgings, meals and working conditions. This year, for instance, workers found toilet facilities provided in the field—something unknown in the past, although men, women and children have worked side by side in harvesting for years. The advantages of having A.W.O.C. around have not been lost on the workers.

Labor's efforts to educate the growers, however, have been less than successful. California growers have stubbornly resisted all attempts to end importation of Mexican laborers—which was inaugurated during World War II as an emergency measure—on the pretext that American workers would not accept "stoop labor" jobs. (Under existing laws, Mexicans can be used only when there is a shortage of domestic workers). A.W.O.C. has demonstrated that there is no farm labor shortage in California—only a shortage of wages, as Smith puts it.

In fruit groves and in tomato and asparagus fields where growers agreed orally to A.W.O.C. picking rates and working conditions the entire crops were harvested with domestic workers. As for the grower's "stoop labor" contention, Smith says: "Put the right price on the job and provide decent working conditions and there is dignity to any job."

Individual growers who have agreed to sit down in advance with A.W.O.C. and work out rates and picking schedules remain the exception rather than the rule. In fact, the growers' organizations—there are twenty different farmer groups in California tightly organized on area and commodity bases—have formed another organization known as the California Farmers' Emergency Food Committee for the sole purpose of pooling their resources to fight A.W.O.C. Apparently they have no moral qualms about organization—just so long as it is an organization to keep their own workers from organizing.

For years, California growers have been obsessed with maintaining their so-called competitive position by keeping down operating costs. They have succeeded in doing so by constantly increasing their acreage and depending more and more upon seasonal migrant labor—domestics, illegal Mexicans (wetbacks) or legal Mexican contract workers (braceros), whoever came cheapest. They have been so successful in reducing costs, for example, that they have depressed the price of lemons from $1.54 for a fifty-pound box at the grove in 1955 to seventy-five cents in 1960. Meanwhile, California chain stores are selling lemons for as much as twenty cents a pound, compared to ten cents a pound ten years ago. Who has this cost-cutting obsession benefited?

In their preoccupation with costs, the growers have failed to grasp the significance of the revolution which has taken place in American merchandising and selling. Today, a handful of giant national chains and processing plants bid for the farm products which once attracted thousands of smaller entrepreneurs. And the growers, in their fight against unionization of farm labor, have closed their eyes to the fact that their own cause could be better served by directing their organizational efforts at those middlemen who pit grower against grower to drive down prices and increase their own profit margins at the expense of both producers and consumers—and especially at the expense of the harvest workers whose labor forms the base of the entire profit pyramid.

Last year, for example, when A.W.O.C. tried to negotiate for improved tomato picking rates, the organization representing the growers took a firm stand and refused to bargain. Yet when the packing plants refused

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to offer the growers more than $21.50 a ton, the growers' organization took a weak stand, eventually signing contracts which actually meant a cash loss for many of its smaller farm members. The growers obviously felt the pickers were weak and the packers were strong—and they acted accordingly.

By the time tree crops were ready for picking this spring, A.W.O.C. had developed enough muscle to set up picket lines and keep workers out of some of the state's biggest groves. One owner in the San Joaquin Valley has filed suit against the union, claiming its strike prevented his cherry crop from being picked with a loss of more than $250,000. A.W.O.C. has exploited this strike in its "educational" campaign among growers with the blunt warning: "Our people won't be pushed around."

THE GROWERS, however, show no signs of recognizing A.W.O.C. as a legitimate bargaining agent, and picket lines have followed the northward harvests. Have they been effective? California Farm Bureau spokesmen say "crop losses already have run into millions." A.W.O.C. officials in Stockton say: "We're growing stronger every day."

The resulting press coverage of these strikes has succeeded in focusing attention on some aspects of corporation farming which hitherto had been obscured in the mind of the general public. There is, first of all, the issue of foreign migrant workers. For years growers have denied charges that they have been using braceros to depress domestic farm labor rates. Evidence presented by A.W.O.C. reveals that in many areas the growers, often acting in collusion, keep wages too low to attract domestic workers and then apply for Mexican nationals on the pretext that labor is not available. In other areas where cheap domestic labor is available—even at depressed wage scales—A.W.O.C. has uncovered the practice of growers requesting through farm placement agencies twice as many workers as are actually needed to do the job. This tactic serves to dry up the supply of domestic labor—with shorter work stints for the domestics and lower cash returns—so that Mexican nationals can be imported. This year, almost half-a-million Mexican nationals are working in American fields, despite the fact that A.W.O.C. has demonstrated that in those areas where its activity has forced the picking rates up, growers had no difficulty in obtaining domestic labor.

Another aspect worth mentioning is the influence that the corporation farms exert over the smaller farm operators through the dominant position the former occupy in such organizations as the California Farm Bureau, the Western Growers' Association and the Associated Farmers of California. The views of the corporation farms are generally reflected in the press, especially in rural areas and in the *California Farmer*, the state's largest farm journal, which is forever sounding the call to arms against organized labor.

Apparently the *California Farmer* has succeeded in convincing the smaller growers that "California agriculture will stand or fall together in its fight against domination by the labor bosses." This is nonsense, of course. About the only thing that a small grower has in common with a ten-thousand-acre farm corporation is that they both are engaged in producing crops. In every other respect, their interests conflict—particularly when it comes to labor.

The small farmer's pay for the work he does on his own place is automatically reduced to the lowest pay of the migrant workers on the corporation farms, whose output determines the size and price of a particular crop on the open market. Thus if corporation farms can hire migrants for seventy cents an hour, the pay of the farmer who does most of his own work is reduced to that figure. Is it any wonder that the small farmer in California is going the way of the dodo bird?

Organization of farm workers would be a great step forward in restoring the vitality of the family farm since it would bridge the labor-cost-per-unit disparity which now exists between large and small growers. Despite all the talk about the advantages of corporate farming, many agricultural economists still maintain that the family-sized farm remains the most efficient and productive economic unit yet devised. Ever since World War II, however, farm legislation—including the Mexican national program—has tended to benefit large operators and, therefore, bring about bigger holdings.

In California, few of the crops grown are affected by federal price-support laws, but they are affected by labor costs. Successful organization of the farm labor force would stabilize the cost factor for all California growers and lessen the cutthroat competitive tendency to undersell each other, which depresses prices for all growers. It also would help minimize current under-employment among farm workers who spend much of their time traveling from farm to farm "shopping" for agreeable picking rates with resultant economic losses to both workers and growers.

These are some of the realities that California growers must face sooner or later. It is perhaps ironic that it has fallen to the lot of organized labor to educate them to these realities and to convince them that the desperate plight of the migrant worker can no longer be regarded as their personal concern. At the same time, it is reassuring to know that organized labor has at long last entered the arena not out of mere altruism but out of a forthright recognition that its own philosophy—predicated as it is upon the economic improvement of all America's workers—cannot be isolated from the plight of two-and-a-half-million farm workers who continue their daily fight for existence in the backwash of American life.

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The Church-State Issue

Ed. Note: In an address recently delivered as part of a lecture series at the Shrine of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Washington, D.C., Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., spoke on the relations between religion and society. Substantial excerpts from his address follow. Father Weigel, who joined with Dr. Robert McAfee Brown to write "An American Dialogue" (Doubleday), a discussion of religious issues in America, is the noted theologian and Professor of Ecclesiology at Woodstock College.

IF AT THE time I accepted the invitation to discuss the question of Church and State I had known the kind of tension which would face the moment in which I was to speak, I would not have accepted it. I do not think that in a period of passion we can discuss a theological problem with the detachment which such a task requires. It is all but useless for me to say that I shall prescind entirely from the day in which we are. It is indeed my intention to do so, but I know that we are all thinking of the relevance of my remarks to the electoral campaign in which we are engaged. However, let me insist that I have no desire of being involved in the political contest taking place in our midst. My remarks are made from the theological point of view. . . .

Now to the problem. First of all the problem is not about the relations between Church and State but rather between the sacral and the secular. . . .

Now the sacral order is the plane, or better, the dimension, of man's relationship to divinity and the secular order is the dimension of man's relationship to the world of finite realities, especially to the fellow men with whom he lives. If by the word church we mean the sacral order and by the word state we mean the secular order, we can make certain statements which could be accepted by most men. . . .

The sacral order, distinct as it is from the order of the secular, is a superior order. Its claims are absolute and its imperatives unconditional. The secular order cannot legitimately make demands if its demands go counter to those which are sacral. We in America refer to this principle when we speak of the inviolability of conscience This first principle is commonly accepted by mankind at large, no matter what the individual's religion. It is also the first principle of Catholic theology. It is an inevitable principle for anyone who declares that God is the Lord.

There is a second principle no less important than the first, though it is subordinate. The proper evolution of man supposes that he coexists and collaborates with his own kind. . . .

The highest pattern of social co-existence we call society and the mode of societal structure it adopts is called the state. The state is thus a source of law and only by law does it operate. It also has the means to execute these laws and the means to judge between the citizen and the law. . . .

States are natural things because they have their origins in human nature. They are therefore non-sacral. This does not mean that the state is not under God. It like all other creatures is subject to the divine will. However, the state has as its purpose the worldly welfare of the community. It is not religious in its preoccupations. It looks manwards and not Godwards. It makes its laws for the human situation and must tolerate all the the defects inherent in this situation. The laws of God are absolute directions for man, but the state makes its laws relative to the human predicament and relative to the common good of all citizens. Divine law and human law are of quite different textures. God's law may forbid this or that action but the state may wisely permit it, lest greater evil fall upon the community. The state wants to keep the community together almost at all costs because this is its only interest and concern. The state is not God and its will is not ultimate nor absolute.

CATHOLIC theology holds as its second principle in the matter of the relations between sacral and secular that the civic community, and therefore its state, are necessarily God-willed institutions. . . .

According to Catholic theology, then, man is subject to two directives and two imperatives. One is absolute and that is the sacral; the other is relative and it is the secular. But the same man at the same time is subject to both orders. From the perspective of a geometry of pure ideas, God's command can never put him into conflict with the state because the state as pure idea is itself willed by God. This state, since it functions according to the dictates of nature, which is divinely structured, will be no obstacle to man's obedience to sacral imperatives. In the ideal order there is a pre-established concord between the two sources of human allegiance. Hence the third Catholic principle on the relations between church and state is that in

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this quite un-ideal world, church and state should strive after the closest concretely possible approximation to an ideal concord, which nevertheless never means identity. . . .

I submit that this doctrine is reasonable and utterly conformable to the beliefs of most men. The only ones who will find difficulty with it are those who deny the sacral order or make of it a natural component of the secular order itself. Those who identify God and state, state-idolaters as we call them, or those who deny the existence of any order above the natural, will not be sympathetic to this vision. But their lack of sympathy will not be caused by the fact that the theory is Catholic but because it is an implicit affirmation of the lordship of a transcendental God beyond the limitations of the natural. But this implicit affirmation lies at the heart of Jewish and Protestant faiths no less than in the Catholic religion.

American non-Catholics really have no objection to the three basic principles of the Catholic theology on church and state. They are, however, concerned with the practical understanding of the third principle, which demands the greatest possible concord between the sacral and the secular. The Catholics identify the sacral order with the arrangements of the organized society called the Roman Catholic Church. The principle of concord would then seem to mean from the Catholic point of view that the state must adjust all its action to the Catholic point of view. Other religions would then have no rights in the community. This, needless to say, alarms the non-Catholic deeply. He can only see in the political action of the Catholic a threat to his own freedom and existence.

It is well for Catholics to recognize this fear in non-Catholics and understand it. The American Catholic as a matter of fact is not conscious of any desire to suppress all religion other than his own. He finds such an idea shocking and grotesque. He simply is bewildered when the non-Catholic accuses him of such intentions. Now most non-Catholic Americans do know that their Catholic fellow citizens have no sinister designs against them. They know that the Catholic reveres the Constitution of our country and even becomes starry-eyed when he talks about it. But the non-Catholic is afraid of what he thinks is the inner logic of the Catholic position. As long as the numerical situation does not allow the logical drives to operate, the Catholic is no menace. But, asks the non-Catholic, what will happen when the situation does not prevent logic from producing its own consequences? . . .

In the current debate concerning the meaning of concord between the secular and the sacral, some points of clarification are emerging. One is that the natural state operates only in terms of human law. The other is that the notion of state must be constantly revised in the light of what modern states really are. The third is that geometrical positions of abstract thought are not meant to be blue prints for concrete structures.

CERTAIN conclusions have been recognized. The first is that human law for the human community is not a religious profession of faith nor even a prolongation of divine law. For human law to banish certain immoral things might in a concrete case disrupt the community because the execution of the law through wide police intrusion into private life might make life in the community intolerable. . . .

We must remember that the doctrine of the First Amendment, whereby the American state has no competence to make laws concerning religious faith and practice, thus assuring fullest religious liberty in the land, is not a theological statement but a legal principle. It is a law of the land and the only question facing us is whether it is a good or bad law. From the day of the promulgation of this basic law to our time Catholics have enthusiastically accepted it as a good law, to be preserved now and in the future. . . .

Officially and really, American Catholics do not want now or in the future a law which would make Catholicism the favored religion of this land. They do not want the religious freedom of American non-Catholics to be curtailed in any way. They sincerely want the present First Amendment to be retained and become ever more effective. With a note of desperation, I ask, what more can we say?

The thinking Protestant is prone to accept this sincere profession of loyalty to our country. But he has qualms. He says to the Catholic: Yes I know you think this way, but in history and even today in other lands your record is not good. How can I be sure that what has happened elsewhere will not happen here? The Catholic can only answer: Look about you! The heads of state in West Germany and France are Catholics. This is also true in Ireland. Catholics will soon be a majority in Holland. Do non-Catholics in those lands feel any oppression or do they even show any fear of such an event? If it is true that Catholicism is established by law in some countries, it is equally true that such establishment is found in lands called Protestant. In England the royal sovereign, to receive the crown, must swear to protect Protestantism. It may be that such laws are good laws for those communities, maybe not. The American Catholic is not concerned. He only knows that the American law of religious freedom for all citizens is excellent law for his land.

Some non-Catholic Americans feel quite assured that American Catholics do not want to, and what is more important, cannot, change our American freedom of religion. They are afraid of something else. A Catholic lawmaker or a Catholic executive might deviously push Catholic moral precepts into our laws and in consequence non-Catholics would be hampered. Some shud-

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der at the thought of a Catholic Mass being said in the White House or the dark influence of the priest who hears the confessions of a Catholic statesman.

ONCE MORE we are faced with a confusion. The function of civil law is not to teach theology or even the moral views of the legislator. In conscience, be he Catholic, Protestant or Jew, it would be immoral for him to impose on the community what he thinks immoral. He would have to disassociate himself from such an action. However, the toleration of immorality, if such toleration is demanded by the common good, is good law, and in accord with the morality of political action. This usually is the task facing the statesman. He is not a moral philosopher nor a moral teacher. That a Catholic statesman comes to his task with a Catholic conscience is as true as the fact that a Protestant statesman comes with a Protestant conscience. But for both of these men the task is exclusively the making of good laws. The obligation of civil law is not of the same nature and scope as the obligations of the moral law. I do not say that law can prescind from morality, but I do say that the attempt to impose one moral theory or another is not the function of the statesman. Here he takes his lead from the consensus of the community. In America any elected official is a citizen designated by the people for some temporary function of state. . . .

As for the guidance which a Catholic man of state would receive from a competent confessor, I need only state that the priest would insist that the prime obligation of the statesman is to enact laws for the common good of his concrete community, according to its unique history and character, or execute such laws already made. The confessor's service to the public figure would be exclusively private, moral and religious. He has no competence in political matters, which belong not to the order of morality and piety but to the order of law. . . .

To all non-Catholics I would suggest that they keep in mind the difference of the order of law, which is the political concern, and the order of religion and ethics, which is the believer's concern. The two are not the same nor do they produce conflicts per se. The morality of divorce, birth-control, liquor traffic and the like are one thing. Civil legislation about them is quite another. Morality is categorical and obliges by inner consent. Legislation is conditioned and works by some kind of external coercion. . . .

I conclude wilth a personal testimony. I have been working in theology over thirty years. I have always admired and loved my country with its institutions and history. I can sincerely say that there is absolutely nothing in Catholic theology which would prevent a Catholic from holding public office on any level according to the spirit and letter of our American laws.

An Exchange of Views

"Stevenson and the Beats"

Highland Park, N.J.

TO THE EDITORS: Leo Hines ["Stevenson and the Beats," Sept. 9] could have saved himself considerable effort if before his attempt to link a man and a group which never did have any connection, he had tried to find out who the Stevenson supporters at Los Angeles really were.

From his article it appears that the author knows what a Beatnik is, but unfortunately many of the reporters who covered the Democratic Convention applied the word to any person who was not wearing a tie and/or was under thirty years of age. Even more unfortunately Mr. Hines naively swallows this characterization. Thus his imaginative, well-written, but far-fetched article is thoroughly marred by the fact that he starts out with the completely false premise (though never explicitly stated) that the Stevenson supporters were, in fact, Beatniks. Of course, Mr. Hines did spy in his picture tube two Radcliffe-Wellesley types and a bearded boy, the latter no doubt courtesy of some enterprising cameraman who searched thousands of faces before he managed to find that beard. However, this is hardly evidence enough to support the premise and Mr. Hines should know it.

I have a slight advantage over the author since I attended every session of the Convention, spent many hours in the Biltmore and in Stevenson headquarters and participated in the Stevenson demonstrations. Near me in the gallery and equally enthusiastic for Adlai were a high school teacher from Chicago, a railroad employee from Florida, both unbearded, a graduate student from Cornell, a Los Angeles secretary, a Los Angeles housewife, two convention usherettes (the so-called "Golden Girls") and many others, similarly "square." Outside of the arena, the demonstrators, as far as I could see, were largely college students with a good sprinkling of older persons, particularly after working hours. The first time I saw or heard the word

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Beatnik used was when I read it several days after the Convention in a syndicated column of less than the highest journalistic quality.

Although Mr. Hines apparently digs the Beat "philosophy," he neglects to mention that this species is typically apolitical. It not only condemns existing social institutions, but it frowns upon the political ones as well. Thus the incongruity of an alleged Beatnik demonstration at a political convention.

To my mind the Stevenson supporters were united in one belief—that only Stevenson among all the Presidential candidates has been able to extricate himself from the institutionalized attitudes and inflexible positions of the Cold War and that in him lies the best hope for a solution to world problems which gives recognition to the legitimate aspirations of both East and West. Name-calling and the arms race are no longer acceptable to the thinking members of the younger generation, who unlike the Beats are becoming more and not less political. They were at Los Angeles, just as they were at San Francisco and at the Southern lunch counters to give expression to their desire to preserve, not "undo the very fiber of our culture." MARK A. HASKELL.

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: It is surprising to me and a number of my friends, all admirers of The Commonweal, that it should publish the piece by Mr. Leo Hines in the issue of September 9, "Stevenson and The Beats." This is said not because of any idolizing of Stevenson—his most recent display of indecisiveness in the nominating campaign was disillusioning—but because Mr. Hines' piece has the earmarks of a kind of writing The Commonweal usually opposes. It is affected. The tone is pretentious and precious. It is impressionistic without being really sensitive. It is lacking in precision and sophistication. Despite a surface geniality, it smacks of parochial, sour prejudice, the kind of small-minded bias one finds in sectarian pamphlets and the letter-to-the-editor column of the *National Review*. It is hardly the kind of article one expects to find in The Commonweal, which has set a wonderful standard among religiously-oriented periodicals for its breadth of viewpoint, its sensitivity to political and social realities, its first-rate writing, and its rejection of the bigotry that has so often demeaned such publications.

Mr. Hines' biases are apparent enough and quite uninteresting: worse than that, some are ignorant and mean-spirited. Why must he subject us to his curious Boston College hostility to Radcliffe girls and to beards (rich, free-thinking radicals from Harvard, no doubt), his silly contempt for alleged Princeton and British diction, his incomprehension of and boorish dislike of artists, and his tedious identification of art and Bohemianism—not to mention his vindictive attitude towards Stevenson throughout the piece. Since when did Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt relish and thrive on group antagonisms? Isn't there ample evidence to the contrary in the past columns of The Commonweal itself? What does he suppose is the significance of Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending Staircase" in the history of modern painting? What "ghetto" would *he* recommend to young artists of small means when rooms rent for $100 apiece in American cities? Ghettos of their "own devising" indeed! How does he know whether Mrs. Stevenson rejected Mr. Stevenson (nice vulgar touch, that one); and is public "rejection" the proper word for the man who commanded the largest total of votes for a defeated candidate ever (defeated by an idolized military hero at that); do Truman, Farley and Daley constitute "widespread hostility" to Stevenson "as a person" or what is Hines' evidence; at what art colony has Hines found "dissolute disorder"; is it fair or even sane to equate hot-rod delinquents with artists and with idealistic young students?

Is it naiveté or viciousness that impels Mr. Hines to associate Radcliffe girls, bearded youths and artists with "private predilections" for "boozing and broads"; and is he really so dense as to believe these are the forces, unwittingly led by Adlai, that "would undo the very fibre of our culture?" Mr. Hines might begin his homework by finding out who the real Beatniks are, and also how art relates to a culture.

This is a disappointing piece because it is lazy: Mr. Hines should first undergo the discipline of thinking through his material before writing it and then making clear and unambivalent what he is really driving at. Sure, Adlai Stevenson and Kerouac have in common a dislike of bourgeois materialism, but so does The Commonweal, educators, dramatists, novelists, high school valedictorians, philanthropists, Senators and a dozen other fortuitously related types. What's the point? I write, "more in sadness than in anger," over a rare lapse in taste by The Commonweal.

E. T. CHASE.

REPLY

Madison, Wisconsin

TO THE EDITORS: Readers of The Commonweal might be interested to read part of a note I have received from author David Riesman (*The Lonely Crowd*) in which he says, "You have managed to explain an allegiance which had greatly perplexed me, for I agree entirely with the picture you draw of Stevenson, and of both the weaknesses and the strengths in him which match him with the (seemingly unlikely) Beats."

One reason for citing the letter is that Mr. Riesman is a professor at Harvard University and a Social Scientist and no doubt, like most devil-may-care Harvard-

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ians, does an occasional stint at Radcliffe, and in none of his three-fold capacities (Harvardian, Sociologist and presumed Radcliffite) is there any suggestion that I have, as some of your readers have charged me, written a "biased, prejudiced, anti-Harvard, anti-Radcliffe" or as a matter of fact anti-any class tract.

In trying to maintain a satirical though, I hope, gentle tone in the article, and because of certain narrative devices which, I suppose, seemed to suggest my personal point of view—I apparently *failed* to reveal (though there was no reason why I should have, really) that I voted twice for Stevenson, wanted to again, have demonstrated for him, and would like to again.

I am, furthermore, not shocked by beards, do not write letters to the *National Review,* think highly of Ivy League colleges, am moved and impressed by the intelligent idealism of such readers as Mark A. Haskell—even if they don't take my point, exactly—and dislike, as some of your readers have done, hearing art and artists defended in the same breath with "the spiritual forgers"—to use poet Leonard Casper's phrase—who persist in haunting the art colonies with their dissolute disorder and, to my amused though sometimes compassionate dismay, also persist *(along with numerous other people!)* in demonstrating for Adlai Stevenson.

LEO HINES.

THE STAGE

GALESBURG AND ARCADIA

TWO HOURS traffic of Mr. Carl Sandburg's world—have you, to be sure, but world enough of your own and time—may offer a savory interlude, pungent with remembered innocences of his native Galesburg, and with his meditations on the wonder of the daily round. To the less than euphoric dissenters from that American literary chauvinism of which Mr. Sandburg is the most engaging, perhaps the most *justified* prophet, it will seem, however, an event not without its trials. That it *is* a world the poet has gathered in this vagabond's knapsack of sweet and sour, of argot and rustic saws, sentiments and homilies, flying lyricisms of the quick and the dead, no one will deny. What is resistible, eminently, is Mr. Norman Corwin's attempt to claim for that world the proportions of a universe. It is ill-advised as a tribute: fulsomely baying at worst, at best pious.

Mr. Sandburg requires no such defense: he is as knottily entrenched in the American grain as he set out to be half a century ago. He has not, like Mr. Robert Frost, "a lover's quarrel" with the world; for his part, he cannot hold it close enough, and how often—threading Mr. Corwin's commentary—does the phrase recur: "among the infinite number of things which have interested Carl Sandburg is. . . . . ." And as mathematics is replaced by babies and babies by war, and fingers then, and death and Lincoln and lullaby, one is sometimes inclined to murmur: aye, there's the rub. Mr. Sandburg has never been one for exclusiveness, and all of his poet's passions are given homage here. Myself, I missed —remembering the slow blush that colored the scholastic's cheek, trapped before our vicious tribe of sophomores—the burly *Chicago,* with its painted women luring those farm boys under the gaslights.

But Miss Davis, fogbound, creeps in on little white gloves; there is the "Father Sees a Son Nearing Manhood," so tender, aching and rare, from *The People, Yes;* there are the goofyisms, pure moonshine, like the man writing himself a letter who won't know what it says until he receives it tomorrow. Critically, Mr. Sandburg stands exactly where he has always stood: his new poems are as sprightly and ripe as ever the old. When he came on stage at evening's end, the rising tribute was surely to him, less perhaps to poetry, probably most to those two achieved distinctions Americans venerate above all else in the arts: longevity and cash. "Sort of makes you feel you got your money's worth," said a wistful lady, filing out. But a gentleman was heard to announce definitively to the emptying lobby: "You can't tell me anybody who won't comb his hair isn't a big windbag."

Among the infinite number of things which have interested Carl Sandburg is the guitar, of course, so there is naturally a profusion of folk ballads, agreeable but rather too heavily weighted with lullabies: as my companion remarked, the hazard of so many invocations to slumber is invariably that they end by provoking the forthright consolation of sleep. Mr. Leif Erickson "supports" the Distinguished Screen Star, and it is one of the griefs of the critical life to realize how few persons —I hope I am wrong—will gauge and honor the splendor of his work. In England, at this point of his art, Mr. Erickson would be playing Antony and the masterbuilder Solness; in America, as the program generously observes, he has "not only established himself in the theater, the movies, radio and television, but also in musical comedy, and as a trombonist with a dance band." The truth is, no mature performance on our stage of the moment could be said to surpass Mr. Erickson's in rhetoric, range, masculine elegance, quickness of sensibility, passion and austerity. It is he who raises the Sandburg actuality to whatever of dramatic pressure it may command, and no student of the player's art will want to miss the eloquent shock of this experience.

Miss Bette Davis, of course, lends the instrumentality of her presence to the event, brings it its *réclame,* its theatrical possibility, and for that one may forgive her a certain fringe of egotism. The return to New York

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was a moment of glory for her, and the audience took it as such; about her reception, indeed, there was the nostalgic tenderness of *et ego in Arcadia,* remembering gratefully the style, manner, vanity, vehemence, eccentricity—what you will—she introduced into the desert of exact likeness which was for many of us the landscape of adolescent imagination. She has lost, Miss Davis, none of her poise and allure: blondined, her hair in two disagreeable wings, draped—save the mark—in red, white and blue, she is still, and supremely, like Mount Everest, *there.*

Yet she is not happily seen in this exhibition, the very choice of which was a symptom of her distressing insecurity of taste, and all through its passage, I thought on the pathos of the fragility of myths. Miss Davis has perhaps always fed most strongly the adolescent imagination of myth. Her ravening femaleness was an intimation of sensuality, her neurotic self-pity an image of one's own, her heroism our self-deception, her malignity a romantic elegance of ennui and worldliness. She reduced tragedy to emotional melodrama, and raised comedy to something very like acidulous farce. I think now this last is her true metier: her misfortune is that no one about is capable of writing it for her.

In "The World of Carl Sandburg," one is dismayed to see how little Miss Davis has mastered the grammar of the stage. Her readings have never a unique finality, are often mundane, sometimes banal. She addresses the audience with sweet and infinite reasonableness, as if it were a collection of mental defectives. Worst of all, Miss Davis—she whose speech rhythms were always marked by the quick perception of similarities we understand as wit—has assumed That Voice I have come privately to regard as The Hollywood Syndrome: Miss Katharine Hepburn has taken to employing it in her Shakespearean forays, and last season Miss Vivien Leigh mistakenly imagined it (and was critically congratulated for so doing) as the appropriate tone for the Giraudoux high style in "Duel of Angels." As sound, it falls somewhere between a genteel hoot and the honing of a lathe. Miss Davis opts for the latter, and approximates it with maddening assiduity.

The late James Agee, who respected Miss Davis but lost no love on Davisism, left this arresting analysis of one of her performances in his film criticism: "more and more set, official and first ladyish in mannerism and spirit . . . very little seemed to me to come to life, in spite of a lot of experienced striving which often kept in touch with life as if through a thick sheet of glass . . . I have a feeling that Miss Davis must have a great deal of trouble finding films which seem appropriate, feasible, and worth doing, and I wish that I, or anyone else, could be of use to her in that. For very few people in her position in films mean, or could do, so well. But I doubt that anything could help much unless she were willing to discard much that goes with the position—unless, indeed, she realized the absolute necessity of doing so."

Regrettably, the judgment must be said still to stand. And now, you may have at me for a villain, desecrator of the household pieties, fouler of my own nest. But it was done without zeal, without righteousness, in the full grief of clarity. For you see, I too have lived in Arcadia. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

WHISTLING IN THE DARK

IN SPITE OF their blatantly masculine opening scenes, most of William Inge's plays wind up on the sentimental and feminine side; and love, usually in the shape of a woman, conquers all. Although this is particularly noticeable in Inge's last play, "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," it is not necessarily fatal. In telling the story of the Flood family in a small Oklahoma town in the early '20s, the play, and now the film, goes out of its way to make clear that everyone has fear for the dark at the top of the stairs, for the uncertain future. It is love, however, that softens and helps to allay those problems and fears.

This is an interesting if over familiar theme and Inge stated it well in some lively Midwest dialogue. The main trouble with the play is that Inge, not satisfied with the problems and woes of the Flood family piled up woes for the other characters too. Apparently, he expected the audience to overlook the fact that the play, in spite of its warmth, became almost a treatise. In writing the movie script, Harriet Frank, Jr., and Irving Ravetch were faithful to Inge and his dialogue and tried to enliven the film by moving it out of the Flood living room once in a while; but the movie still lacks action. Worse than that, however, there is one more character who is beset with troubles.

Under Delbert Mann's direction, the cast does quite well. As Rubin Flood, the harness salesman, Robert Preston still bubbles with the noisy effervescence of "The Music Man," but now the loud braggadocio is only a cover-up for his worries about money and his insecurity about his job. After the forceful masculine display with his reluctant and carping wife, Preston exposes his sensitive side in a touching scene with his daughter and in a reconciliation with his wife. As his wife, Dorothy McGuire, often photographed as if through gauze, is convincingly harassed by money worries, a reluctance to let go of her children and secret shame over her constant bickering with her husband. The two children in this tense household take on their parents' tensions. Lovely Shirley Knight

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is quite touching as the teenage daughter who fears being a wallflower; and young Robert Eyer is so mother-protected he's afraid of the neighborhood kids as well as the dark "because you can't see what's ahead."

The other characters are afraid of what's ahead too: Mrs. Flood's sister (Eve Arden), a stupid bigot who has worn out her henpecked husband (expertly played by Frank Overton) sees a loveless, empty future; the beauty-shop widow (excellently played by Angela Lansbury) who loves Rubin knows she hasn't a chance with him; and most of all the Jewish cadet (Lee Kinsolving) who gets one more kick in the teeth from the anti-Semitic woman at the country club sees prejudice coming between himself and the Flood daughter. These three troubled people prove to be catalysts that help the Floods through their own troubles. Although "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs" is rather preachy as it dispenses its truisms about love and tolerance and the need for facing life and reality, the film is still well above the run-of-the-mill movie.

GUY GABALDON, the United States Marine whose factual story is told in "Hell to Eternity," also had more than his share of problems, but he faced them squarely and emerged from World War II a hero with a Silver Star. The film opens with Guy as a boy (Richard Eyer) well on the road to juvenile delinquency in Los Angeles. But after he is orphaned he is adopted by a friendly Japanese family who give him the warmth and love of a happy household. Guy meets his big problem after Pearl Harbor. His kindly parents are sent to a Relocation Center, his Nisei brothers enlist and are sent to fight in Italy, and Guy, who speaks Japanese well, then enlists in the Marines and is made an interpreter in an intelligence unit. At Saipan, he finds himself forced to fight and kill the enemy. But he also has an aptitude for talking small groups of Japanese into surrendering. Finally by capturing a general (Sessue Hayakawa) he succeeds in bringing in by himself eight hundred prisoners at one time. The film stops with this amazing scene, although Gabaldon was eventually credited with winning nearly two thousand Japanese prisoners.

Jeffrey Hunter plays this lead role with effective sincerity; and director Phil Karlson makes the fabulous and moving story both believable and creditable. The movie, however, has one serious flaw, so serious that it spoils the effect of what is otherwise an outstanding study of humanity in war. In order to establish that Gabaldon is neither a Boy Scout nor a saint, the script takes him on a wild party with two buddies (David Janssen, Vic Damone) in Honolulu; and the three Marines go in for a drunken orgy with three girls that leaves very little to the imagination. This scene is done with offensive realism so tasteless and out of kilter with the rest of the movie that it detracts from the sincerity of the whole. The entire picture suffers from this profound flaw in one of its parts.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

The Search for Identity as Penultimate Truth

IT'S A WISE CHILD. By Thomas Curley. Putnam. New Author's Guild. $3.50.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

THERE ARE times when the un-hero of *It's a Wise Child* seems more like a wise-acre than a pilgrim of wisdom, but he is determined to live seriously, so he tells us. If the wise child must know his father ("the only way to know who you are is to know your relations"), Robert Loomis is determined to know not only the who, but the what, why and how of his parents. It may be because of fanatic loyalty to the past as the key to what he may create of the future, the desire to make the past conscious and relevant. Or, it may be the result of the bastard's inescapable obsession: to demand more meaning from his source than the legitimate child who is handed the formula for his identity.

Frequently, the search for unknown parents is made to seem like a pursuit of ultimate truth. And it is an illusion. Nevertheless, the lost child in this book, Loomis, chases that dream with more than ordinary circumspection.

His mission takes him through all the grotesque levels of Carthage, Ohio, that the author makes come dismayingly alive: from the hills where the city fathers sit complacently (and murderously), to the middle heights where, appropriately enough, the middle class simply lives complacently, to the Bottoms, the slum where Loomis started life. Mr. Curley populates his town (a horrible little town) with some very rough and melancholy people, and shows us this Mid-Western settlement near the sleepy Ohio as a raw and violent place. Its slums are infested by "voodoo and vice, wood alcohol, whores bearing wormwood and stale vinegar, unsheathed shivs and every race and condition, save humane, of mankind . . ." Its quieter streets are where the "extremes of human passion were moderated." On the top of the hills, powerful men plot the destruction of others.

Trying to disprove the accusation that the father of his financée is his own father, Loomis discovers that his real father murdered his mother's husband; that his mother, in revenge, drove his father to suicide and his wife to the looney bin. In

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the process, Loomis himself causes the murder of his half-brother. He is beaten up and his ex-mistress (for whom he professes love while he tells her of his engagement to another girl) is beaten. People argue and plead and weep and get drunk and make love—all without love or compassion.

Loomis plows through all this violence with an intensity that almost succeeds in convincing us that, underneath this cruelty and half-baked intellectuality, he has a moral somewhere. (He is an artist, a musician, and a very bright boy.) At the end, in an orgy of melodrama, there is the threat of a double suicide: Loomis and the mistress. But she releases him, and they live. But where does it all end? Loomis marries the book's dullard and, at last having overcome his preoccupation with his ancestry, seems obsessed with his future and the production of progeny. (He talks about it all the time—especially to his mistress who is sterile.) He winds up smack back on Main Street where he hopes he will like and be liked by his neighbors. I found the dénouement startling.

Mr. Curley is a very talented writer and his characters are vibrant and memorable. And what a gallery! There is the crazy, revengeful half-brother, bent on Loomis' destruction; the effeminate poet who wants him to be a genius; the big simple Negro, Carver, who is a gentle friend and a boon companion when sober and a murderer when drunk; Rita, his sexy and hopeless love; Lucius Washington, a wonderful old preacher from the slums. Even the characters from the past, his mother and father, and the man his mother really loved, are vivid. There is a vignette of his young mother, desperate and crying out for help and love, while the man she wants sits next to her and speaks dispassionately of bible stories and lessons, that I shall carry with me to the grave.

And finally, there is Robert Loomis. The novel's mode is a talking marathon of the internal and external dialogues of Loomis. It is sometimes awkward and overdone, and he has some very shaky premises, but it is imaginative and has moments of high style. The language is jazzed-up, off-beat, tough, and admirably suited to the story.

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Poor Dad

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD. By Arthur L. Kopit. Hill and Wang. $1.35.

By GERALD WEALES

ALTHOUGH Arthur L. Kopit's theatrical fathers are plainly French as his subtitle ("A Pseudo-classical Tragifarce in a Bastard French Tradition") proclaims, "Oh Dad" deals with a subject that has come to be considered primarily American. Not that the frigid wife and the son-devouring mother are unknown in other parts of the world. Still, ever since *Generation of Vipers,* our novelists and playwrights have been illustrating the subject and our pop sociologists have been complaining that ours is a mother-oriented society. Now Kopit has come, domesticating Ionesco, as Harold Pinter has done in England, and has provided a generally effective play on that familiar theme, one that is sometimes funny, sometimes frightening, as he hoped it would be.

In three scenes "Oh Dad" presents Madame Rosepettle, who keeps her late husband, stuffed, hanging in the closet, and her son, whom she always calls by one of her husband's names, locked in a hotel room, protecting him from the

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world. "She doesn't lock the door to kaka-keep me in, which would be malicious," says Jonathan, stuttering as he usually does. "She . . . locks the door so I can't get out, which is for my own good and therefore . . . beneficent." Jonathan, who has so wanted to see beyond the room that he has built himself a telescope, although "There's nothing out there to see," is approached by Rosalie, who tries to talk him into running away from his mother. Failing that, she tries to seduce him on his mother's bed, in a slapstick scene in which the corpse of the father gets involved, and he ends by killing her. "As a mother to a son I ask you," cries Madame Rosepettle in the last line of the play, *"What is the meaning of this?"*

Madame Rosepettle's question is a good one. On the most obvious level, the action of the play is another illustration of the psychological commonplace, familiar to Broadway ever since Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord," about the doting mother whose desire to hold the son only succeeds in emasculating him. If that were all there were to "Oh Dad," not even Kopit's grotesque fable could keep the play from being a cliché. The most interesting thing about Kopit's work is the contrast that he uses with the two women.

Madame Rosepettle has several faces. With the bellboys, she is the grand tyrant; with Jonathan, the smothering mother; with Rosalie, a fishwife. It is in her scene with Commodore Roseabove that she is most impressive. At the opening of the scene she is feminine, alluring, provocative, the fit partner to the Commodore's conventional romanticism, but as the scene goes on she reveals herself as an iron maiden incapable of giving herself, an acquirer, a destroyer. Rosalie, on the other hand, dresses like a child, in girlish pink and short socks, but beneath her disguise lies the completely sensuous woman.

Kopit does not stop with these two familiar American types, the frigid woman with the seductive pretense and the sexual woman with the little girl's facade; he goes on, joining Strindberg, to show that they are the same or at least that their goals are the same. Rosalie, in her attempt to lure Jonathan away, keeps insisting that "I want you . . . all for myself. Not to share with your mother . . ." Mother or lover, cold or hot, the American woman, "Oh Dad" seems to be saying, wants to own her man, to stuff him and hang him in the closet.

Although "Oh Dad" has serious work to do, much of it is incidentally involved in kidding Tennessee Williams. "Suddenly Last Summer" is the primary target, although all the names with *rose* in them come obviously from "The Rose Tattoo." Madame Rosepettle, like Mrs. Venable in "Suddenly," travels with her son (the play takes place in Havana), insists he is a genius, shelters him from attack. Madame Rosepettle one-ups Mrs. Venable by having not one, but two Venus'-flytraps and a piranha fish into the bargain and all of them have lines. Much of the talk, about the devourers in the world and about the

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colors, particularly the pure white of Jonathan, comes crookedly from the Williams play.

Part of the fun, particularly the parody fun, of "Oh Dad" is not all that amusing and sometimes—for instance, in the first scene between Jonathan and Rosalie—there is a foot-dragging insistence on what is immediately obvious. Still, there are very good things in the play, like the grand nonsense of the first scene and the nonchalant ghastliness of Madame Rosepettle's monologue. The American theater could use a little more wit and intelligence and, judging from "Oh Dad" Arthur Kopit intends to offer it these qualities.

A Woman of Dublin

PETER PERRY. By Michael Campbell. Orion Press. $3.50.

By EDWIN KENNEBECK

PETER PERRY is a tall, skinny Dublin woman about sixty years old. In this lively novel she is seen mainly through the eyes of her young nephew Roy, who has come from his small Irish town to live at her flat while he studies law at Trinity. "Roy noticed her long bony hands; and then the stub of her cigarette, with its long ash, which seemed about to burn her lips. . . . She was appallingly ugly, and yet . . . he had heard her spoken of as being beautiful when she was young, and he saw the possibility in her enormous eyes. . . . Her mouth, with a large under-lip, sloped down at the corner which had held the cigarette. She had no upper teeth at all, and many of her lower teeth were black."

Roy's aunt knows a good deal about the artistic life of Dublin, being a sort of Auntie Mame in three dimensions. She has a special attachment to a variety artist named Tommy Kinsella, who is remarkably versatile and who sometimes, in his stage dialogue, makes impromptu references to Peter and her friends when they are in the theater. Peter never pays her bills, smokes incessantly, enjoys stirring up quite real trouble among people, and loves to give parties for people who dislike one another. "This is the day of my par-ty," she sings to herself while making preparations.

"These people don't seem to get on," says young Roy of her guests, "and you don't seem too keen on them and . . ."

"Well, boy?" she replies.

"Isn't it a bit odd for a party?" he asks.

"Excuse yourself," says Peter (using one of her favorite exclama-

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MORALITY AND MODERN WARFARE

Ed. by William J. Nagle

Can Catholics fight in a nuclear war? Can Catholics help prepare for a nuclear war? If this country is attacked with atomic weapons, can we morally reply in kind?

These questions admit of no easy answer. They call out for a careful consideration, and investigation of a large number of factors. The final consideration can no more be left in the hands of military experts than can it be answered solely by moral theologians or teachers of ethics.

Contributors include such authorities in various fields as Thomas Murray, John Courtney Murray, S.J., John C. Ford, S.J., Col. John K. Moriarity, James E. Dougherty, John R. Connery, Gordon C. Zahn, William V. O'Brien, and Noel J. Brown.

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tions). "Give yourself nought, boy? . . . What's a party *for?*"

Peter was once an actress, and Yeats chose her to play Kathleen ni Houlihan (which one, Roy wonders, the Countess Kathleen or the Old Woman transformed into a young girl?). She was married to a Captain Perry, "probably the finest gymnast in the British Army," but after he became a traveling salesman they separated, and she has not seen him for thirty years. When they parted she said, "Inform me, at any time, of your proposed return, and I will endow you with any portion of my wealth you desire, if it may prevent it." And thereby hangs what plot the novel has—the attempt of an impostor disguised as the Captain to collect that reward.

Michael Campbell's picture is not flawless; Peter Perry is best seen from outside, and his two brief incursions into her consciousness mar the polish of the novel. But he does render the life of this difficult and vivacious lady without the slightest trace of "glamour" or of sourness. Probably the difference between Peter and our own Auntie Mame is that Peter is shown with, as it were, the unclouded eyes of true compassion. For one who knows Auntie Mame only from her stage manifestation, it is enough to remark that in the Irish story there would be no question of following the death of a husband with a simple-minded joke, as in the stage "Auntie Mame." Michael Campbell is not out to convince us that Peter Perry is funny and fabulous; he simply wants to present us with her pulse and tone and posture, and we can make of them what we will. If he does not penetrate to the very soul-cry of the lonely, irresponsible woman, he does give us her clear lineaments.

REVIEWERS

Alice Ellen Mayhew, a frequent contributor, has recently returned from France, where she studied at the Sorbonne.

Gerald Weales, author of the recently published novel *Tale for a Bluebird*, is a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania.

Edwin Kennebeck, a regular reviewer, is movie critic for *Today*.

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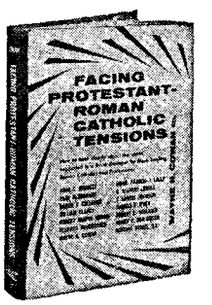

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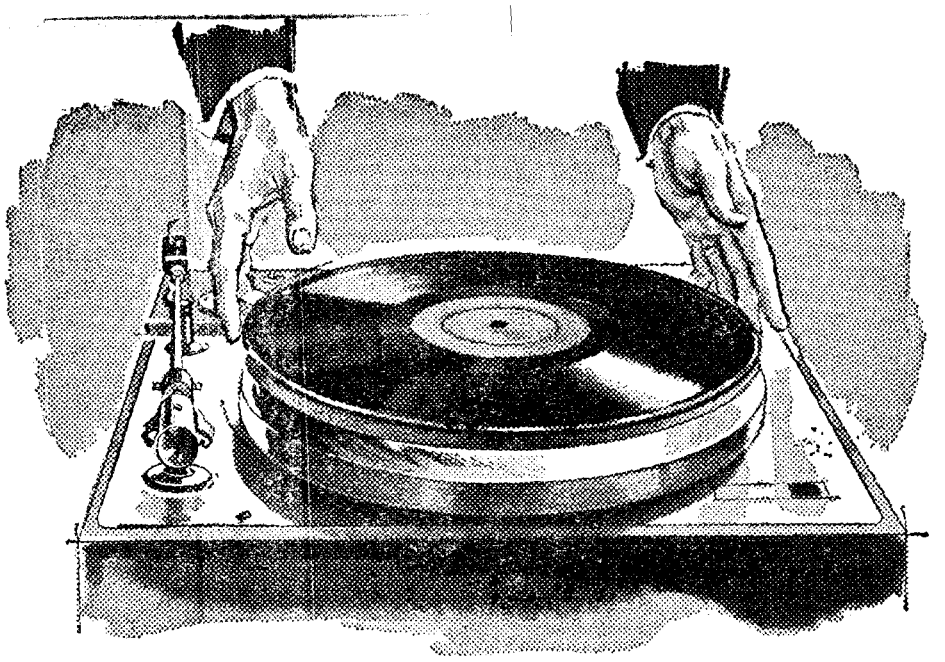

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